

AUGUST 22, 1974

Mr. Nixon's resignation was as hard on the Shortgrass Country as it was on the nation. It was the first time in any herder's life that a chief of state was having more trouble than the sheep and cow people were. I don't think any of us ever actually realized what was happening until it was all done.

One major change took place during the big downfall that wasn't analyzed. Our great peacemaker, Mr. Kissinger, got married.

The national press was so busy carrying out their new judicial functions that they overlooked the fact that as soon as the Kissinger's honeymoon was over, Mr. Kissinger was going to know a lot more about violence and be so appreciative of peace that he was going to work harder than he had before.

I don't know how long honeymoons last in D.C. I would suppose that when the cherries are blooming they'd have extra length. The best way to tell as far as the Kissinger's are concerned would be to study the newsreels of the couple and listen carefully to his statements.

For instance, the first time he comes back from overseas and Mrs. Kissinger has that look on her face that she thinks he sort of over stalled the trip, it'll be a good sign that wedded bliss has turned into another long contract.

Another tip will be when he starts discounting the ferocity of border incidents and starts calling threatened embargos "pouting sessions." After she's worked him over a time or two, he's not going to think that every time a burnoose-clad hombre slaps a squinch eye with a sword that it's a big war. In fact, he may under compensate so much that we could have world peace in the midst of several different conflicts by his evaluation.

Bachelors and spinsters are hard to understand. The old boy who lives at the bunkhouse here at the ranch doesn't have a wife. Early each morning he goes by my office window whistling so loud that I feel like scolding him for being so happy. Folks who are that carefree should at least have enough respect to conceal their dispositions.

I don't know about you, but I'd like to see the politicians end their big crusade and start looking after the affairs of state. Instead of voting this November on people, I'd like to a roll call on things like \$6 plus milo and the featherweight price on feeder calves.

It seems sort of senseless to elect people to office. Candidates would suit the news media. All those anchormen and newscasters have mighty high standards for humans. Little Red Ridinghood, in all her innocence, would look corrupt in their eyes.

In spite of it all, things are going to work out. Winters are going to be long on high feed and short grass. Yet we are going to make it. It's just going to take tight screws and a chance to laugh.